

THE **GLEANER**



FOUNDER'S DAY ISSUE
June, 1943

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THE GLEANER

A publication arranged and edited by the students of
THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
FARM SCHOOL, PA.



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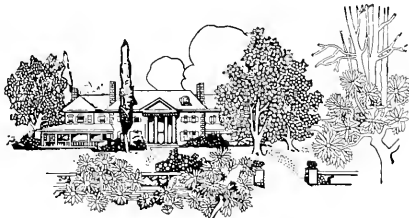
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President's Message

As a matter of civilization and of humanity, I believe in the "good neighbor" policy. The modern world is built on the principle of man's confidence in his fellow man. The millions of dollars involved in a city's daily business transactions represent almost no transfer of actual cash, but merely bookkeeping in banks. In effect, nearly all business is credit business: and credit must be based on mutual confidence.

The good neighbor policy, too, is based on mutual confidence, self respect and friendliness. It means GIVE all you can. It means GIVE all you can, and not GET all you can. Thus the global war, entirely apart from its horrible waste of human life and of material, is the antithesis of "good neighbor," and an unspeakable retrogression of civilization.

We in our daily lives can contribute to the development of friendship and neighborliness. Each individual contact contains the possibilities for putting into action this spirit. We at the Farm School try to "sell" the School to our neighbors. Each student of the School, each member of the staff has a share in this responsibility. Let us all try to practice being the "good neighbor."



Editorial

"Lead the tens of thousands of people of your cities to your idle, fertile lands, and you will bless not only them, but also your country, and spread a good name for your people throughout the land; for all the world honors and protects the bread producer and is eager to welcome him. Begin with the young and the old will follow."

There is no doubt that the above paragraph written by Count Leo Tolstoi to Dr. Joseph Krauskopf had an important influence on the latter in the foundation of The National Farm School.

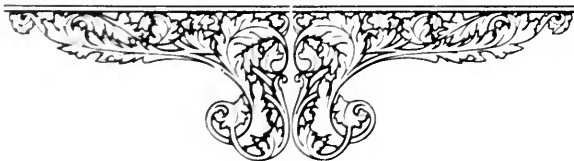
Now that Farm School is in its forty-seventh year of existence, it is difficult to imagine all the hardships Dr. Krauskopf had to endure before its foundation. He worked feverishly to secure funds in order to make his plan of a farm school materialize.

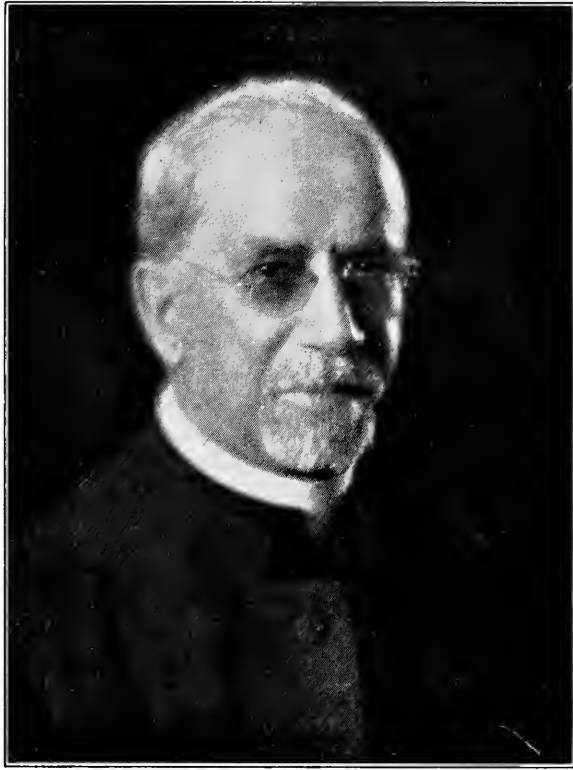
We will never know all the trials and tribulations the Founder of The National Farm School had to endure to see his dreams fulfilled, of bringing city youth to a rural country life. How near to success or failure he was at any time when in need of financial and material support, we also do not know.

We do know of his unceasing and untiring efforts to make Farm School in tangible terms what his visions and hopes dictated.

Many sleepless nights were spent by Dr. Krauskopf in deep concern whether the School would fulfill its purpose, whether it would really solve a problem. He was the guiding spirit of Farm School for more than twenty-five years, and today, twenty years after the death of the founder of The National Farm School, we can see what his efforts have achieved.

Today, Farm School, one of the leading schools of its kind in the country, pays tribute to its esteemed Founder.





OUR FOUNDER
WHO STROVE . . . SO THAT WE
OF THE CITY COULD BECOME
MEN OF THE SOIL

HARRY B. ROTHMAN

By HOFFMAN

One of our best liked instructors at Farm School is Mr. Rothman. He is a man who commands not only our admiration and confidence but our devotion, affection, and loyalty as well. We all respect him for his frankness and impartiality.

Farming has been the keynote in Mr. Rothman's life. His environment has been entirely rural, as he was born and raised on a farm near Vineland, New Jersey. In high school, he naturally took vocational agriculture. After his high school graduation, Mr. Rothman decided to widen his agricultural experience; and to that end, he worked on farms for three years. To gain more theoretical knowledge, he entered Rutgers University. There he majored in vegetable gardening with agricultural education as his minor.

Graduating from Rutgers in 1939, he came to The National Farm School as associate poultry instructor. In 1942, he became the head of the General Agriculture Department, the position he holds at present.

Mr. Rothman's hobby is a very appropriate one—boys—learning to understand them and to bring out the best in them. He is sincerely interested in boys—a fact to which all who have had the benefit of his kind but candid advice can attest.

SAFETY FIRST!!!

By A. APPEL

As I contemplate the events of the past weeks, one thing strikes me: the alarming increase in the number of accidents which stands out in sharp contrast against the accident-free preceding year.

This is war. We are the soldiers of the soil fighting for victory against hunger. Our weapons in this fight are almost impossible to get now. Unfortunately, it has taken several accidents to wake us up to the need for extreme care in the handling of all our machinery and different outfits used in agriculture.

I would call on our Administration to conduct an extensive safety campaign to give the students a demonstration on the safe use of equipment before the implements are entrusted to them.

It seems to me that most of all it is the duty of the student body to exercise intelligent care in the use of the equipment. The farm machinery which we operate here at School is extremely expensive and impossible to buy now. The student must realize that in these war times every single machine counts and we cannot afford to damage any. However, more important is the care the students must take of themselves. Accidents will not help our war efforts.

Remember! It is your duty to your country, to your parents, to yourself, and to your School to be careful. Save a life. Save YOUR life.

UNDER THE BOMBS

By T. GOLDOFTAS

It all happened very suddenly. A few explosions broke over the town, the radio remained silent for two hours, after which the announcer said that the country was at war, and a band played the national anthem. Nobody realized the meaning of these words so full of fear and hatred. WAR? What's war, in fact?

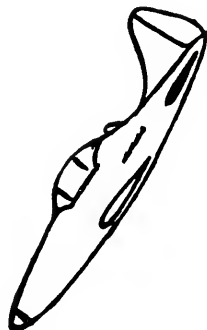
No one in the country knew what the word "war" meant; and now, under the bombs, did they still know? Was this war?

Almost immediately people started leaving the town. They were leaving not knowing where they were going and not knowing when, if ever, they would return. A modern exodus started throughout the country, a nation was moving. Endless lines of cars, trucks, wagons, bicycles and pedestrians took to the roads, fleeing, leaving everything: home, happiness, hope.

Thus, he found himself with hundreds of thousands of others on the road, going forward, always forward, almost without goal, with only one purpose, to save his life. He was trying to understand who it was who had the right to try to take his life away from him. Who had the right to destroy his home? Who had the right to take away his happiness? Who had the right to take away his parents? WHO? He did not remember how much

time elapsed. He was still going forward, trying to escape death and destruction. He wanted to live.

A slight rain soon made his clothes stick to his skin and he felt miserable in this world which seemed suddenly so tremendously large and so endless in his eyes. A familiar noise made him lift his eyes to the gray sky; after watching a few seconds, he distinguished a few silver birds, high over his head. The bombers started diving and at unbelievable speed, kept on coming closer and closer to the earth.



Women began weeping, men lifted towards the planes eyes filled with helpless hatred. If only they could . . . they all lay down on the ground, face close to the humid soil, praying and hoping that this would not be their turn, not yet, at least.

Explosion after explosion burst heard near and far, and the odor of the powder and the dust made

them cough. Then the machine-gunning started. They came down close to the surface and without pity distributed torrents of deadly bullets. Sometimes they would come down so close that he thought they would crash; but, unfortunately, it never happened. After a few moments, he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself again, the day was drawing to an end. Far on the horizon, the sun was slowly going down, contorting the shapes of things on earth. The air was fresh, fresh with the clean smell of grass after a rain. In the distance, a solitary bird could be heard singing. In contrast with these beauties of nature, complete desolation and ruin could be seen as far as the eye could reach.

A wagon turned upside down lying in the ditch, the horses had died—killed by exploding shrapnel. A cherry tree, half uprooted, hung precariously off balance. One by one, the petals of the flowers would be swept away by a soft breeze. These flowers were slowly dying and their beauty would be worthless. In this alone, there was injustice.

Across the road a house, or rather the four walls of a house, was standing proudly. A little smoke could be seen coming out from a corner of a destroyed room. A block of bricks had crashed on an easy-chair and crushed to death a human creature. A doll, which escaped destruction was resting against a stone, the clothes half

burnt, a destroyed symbol of a child's happiness.

Along the road, the picture was sad, heartbreaking, desolate. Bodies were littered along the highway. The ditches carried the blood of the killed and maimed. There was a woman, a bullet piercing the breast, trying to protect her dead baby. A feeling of helplessness enveloped him as he looked around him and he saw bodies torn by gaping wounds, lifeless, killed by human cruelty and injustice.

A little girl went by, crying "Mother, mother, where are you . . ." He could not help the tear running down his cheek. He saw the girl notice the body of the woman, throw herself to her knees and shake her mother with all her little strength. No answer—.

What words could describe and express the desolation and despair on that innocent young face? Why didn't her mother answer her? Did she not recognize any more her own little girl? Or . . .

Everywhere men, women and children were turning over boards, rocks, blankets, wagons, hoping to find their dear ones. It seemed as if hell was on earth.

Having nobody to look for and nobody to take care of, he got up and continued his way toward Destiny, perhaps freedom. Soon, his silhouette disappeared in the dark.

AGRICULTURE

By M. NABUT and A. DANENBERG



Lou: "Where did you learn to sing?"

Jake: "I graduated from the correspondence school of music."

Lou: "Boy, you must have missed getting a lot of your mail."

* * *

Kopman: "I am tired. I was out with a nurse last night."

Bart: "Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one sometime."

* * *

Kiss: A noun, though often used as a conjunction; it is never declined; it is more common than proper and is used in the plural and agrees with all genders.

* * *

Goldenberg is turning over so many new leaves that he's a compost pile by now.

* * *

Mr. Schmieder: "What are the three physical states of sulfur?"

Lou: "Texas, Louisiana and Sicily."

Schmieder: "You can't sleep in my class."

Scharf: "I could if you didn't talk so loud."

* * *

Prof.: "Why are you late?"

Joachim: "Class started before I got here."

* * *

"Don't you think S. B. S. is a logical talker?"

"Bah! S. J. can out-talk him with one hand tied behind his back."

* * *

Swivel: "The other day someone fell in the manure pile and everyone laughed but me!"

Kincaid: "Why didn't you laugh?"

Swivel: "It was me!"

* * *

In a test, Mr. Purmell asked for the Latin names of American and European grapes (*Vitus Labrusca* and *Vitus Vinifera*). Here is what he read on Lieber's paper: "Vaserdike shnaps and Richtike schoire."

* * *

Raben: "Do you dance?"

Fair Damsel: "Yes, I love to."

Raben: "Good, that's better than dancing."



FARM ORGANIZATION MEETS IN DOYLESTOWN

By O. KWASNIK

A large crowd heard Dr. Dickenson, of the National Farmers' Union, stress the role of the family-size farmer and the importance of the Union in fighting for the low income of the farmer steadily pressed by the corporation farm.

He urged all farmers to join the Farmers' Union, whose platform advocates and supports the family-type farmer, parity income for farmers, economy of abundance, maintenance of the Farm Security, more equitable distribution of agricultural income, victory through equality of sacrifice and taxation. He warned the audience that if these points were not attained, this would mean the abolition of the small farmer.

Some vital facts were brought to light. Farmers compose 27% of the entire population, yet they receive only 11% of the national income. He grouped the farmers into three classes: those with enormous acreage receiving 72% of the farm income, the middle class farmer 20% and the overwhelming member family-sized farmers getting only 8% of the farm income.

The organization functions on a triangular program based on education of the farmers' problems,

co-operation of the farmers to meet common needs and problems, and lobbying of Congress for the needs of the small farmer.

Partial solution to the small farmer is the formation of co-operatives unified in the use of machines, feed warehouses, marketing centers, and a fleet of trucks. Each farmer has an interest in the profits in the co-operative according to the number of shares he holds. The shares are limited to each person and one vote is permitted to each share holder, regardless of the number of shares he owns.

He cited the danger of co-operative farming as a menace to the small individual farmer in compelling the farmer to become a tenant by underselling him and by high interest rates on loans and mortgages.

Realizing the scarcity of time the farmer has to attend meetings, he added that by joining the Union the farmer would receive literature by mail and adequate notice of meetings. He concluded by assuring a continued all-out program of food production for quick and final victory.



One female moth and her descendants in one year can destroy as much wool as thirteen sheep can produce in the same period.

SPORTS

By DAVE W. GOODMAN

As the paper goes to press, the baseball season is practically over. It has only been two weeks since the season started, but this year that's all there is, there is no more.

The "team," if you could call it a team, consists of Dick Raben, a catcher, a shortstop, three basemen and three outfielders. Dick has turned out to be a remarkably able pitcher, with a fast ball that is hard to see, and control that was good enough to permit him to win the Temple game almost single handed.

Brunwasser was better at first base than he is at home. He tries hard, but he isn't a Joe Milligan. Jake Cohen at first manages to get the balls, if they come to him. Ralph Moritz plays a good steady game at second. Goldberg at third is doing very well, considering that he is a freshman, and this is his first try at sports at N. F. S. Bob Kopman is at shortstop doing a good job. At left field is Jules Sprachner, at center Mutt Rosov and at right Mutt Schwartz. All three outfielders are about equal in ability, with no "superman" in the crowd. As far as batting is concerned, Dick Raben and Brunwasser are tops, with Moritz and Kopman close behind.

Coaching at the bases and base running by the Mutts is very poor. However, I am sure that by the time the next game is played, these and other minor faults in the team will be eliminated and we will go forward to a very successful season.

Both the Freshmen and the Juniors are practicing for their coming game on dance week-end. Good luck to both classes and may the best team win.



BULLDOGS BLAST TEMPLE 10 TO 8 Raben Fans Nineteen

Our first game this season started off as a pitching duel between Johnson of Temple and Dick Raben for the Green and Gold. In the third inning, Raben slowed down and Temple led by three runs.

In the seventh inning these runs were made up, and thus the game was sent into extra time. In the ninth inning, with two out, Brunwasser tripled and was followed by Raben who hit a home run to win the game 10 to 8.

Although the game was a victory, it showed many weak spots on the team.

FARMERS RIP CON-SHOHOCKERS 13-9

A very uninteresting game, where the lack of errors rather than any other reason saved the day for Farm School and brought in the second win of the season for the "Hicks."

Both teams showed very little ability, especially when it came to fielding. The Farmers were the better team at the bat. This I believe was the deciding factor of the game.



ANALYSIS OF WOMEN

SYMBOL—Wow.

OCCURRENCE—Found wherever man exists.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES—Boils at nothing and freezes at any minute; melts when properly treated—Very bitter if not well used.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES—Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones—Violent reaction when left alone—Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

USES—Highly ornamental—Useful as a tonic for acceleration of low spirits—Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

CAUTION—Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

—*Calumet*

DID YOU KNOW

That the "HOUSE RULES" contained regulations such as:

- No lady allowed in the dormitory.
- No gambling of any sort whatsoever allowed.
- Dancing only between the hours of 2 and 5 P.M.
- Permission to play instruments or to sing must be obtained from the Governor.

Those rules were respected in 1904.

* * *

That in 1902 the regular course was four years.

* * *

That during the first two years, students had to take four hours of military drill every week.

* * *

That in 1910 The National Farm School supplied the students with clothing and personal articles such as work and dress shirts and shoes, socks, hats, underwear, overalls, boots, gloves, combs, tooth brushes, etc.

* * *

That canning was practiced at N. F. S. in 1910.

* * *

That Pioneer Hall (where the library now stands) contained in 1902 the dormitories, class rooms, library, reception room, dining room, and offices. The building was supplied with spring water.

OF MUSIC AND MEN

By ABI

This is the story about Toscanini which deals with his unfamiliarity with the American language.

Toscanini was conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Things were going badly with the rehearsal, the horn player having trouble with a difficult passage.

At last, after much rehearsal, the passage was played correctly and the Maestro was satisfied.

That evening during the performance, the horn player got "jittery" at that bad place and "muffed" it.

As the curtain went down, he went out, "Never to come back again," the Maestro said.

A few days elapsed — rehearsal time again approached. The horn player's friends finally convinced him that the Maestro had probably forgotten the incident by now. "He has a bad memory. If you go to the rehearsal and take your seat as if nothing had happened, everything will be O.K., and anyhow you have nothing to lose." So he went.

Maestro stepped to the podium and proceeded with the rehearsal as usual. Suddenly, he glanced down and saw his old horn player sitting there "as big as life." "Get out and never come back again, I say!!!" So the horn player packed up and went.

As he reached the door, he paused, and thinking that he might as well get in some good parting remark, turned and said: "Maestro, NUTS TO YOU." Maestro Toscanini slowly turned about, shook his head and replied: "No, I am sorry, but I will not accept any apologies."



Man is like a worm. He grows up, wiggles a bit, then some chicken gets him.

* * *

Some girls use a pill to get rid of a headache but others use a headache to get rid of a pill.

—*Scrippage*

DON'T FORGET, FELLAS

For a "Beautiful Summer's
Evening in the Park"

Come to the JUNIOR PROM

Special Attraction

Full Moon

Surprises!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

By STAN SCHWARTZ

"When I was young," the old woman said,
 "The flowers bloomed so gay in spring,
And soft winds blew from the calm seas,
 And birds still rested in the trees.
The fields were gold at harvest times,
 The children laughed and sang their rhymes
Each ardent lover with his lass
 Would wander through the fragrant grass,
When I was young," she said.

"When I was young," the old man said,
 "The rabbits scampered in the woods,
The world in winter sparkled white,
 And sleighbells filled the frosty night.
At New Year's bells rang loud and clear
 To usher in each perfect year,
And people worked and loved it, too,
 Had single honest work to do,
When I was young," he said.

"But I am young," the soldier cried,
 "And yet I see no sign of Spring;
The people cringe in hate and fear,
 And not a trace of God is here.
The fields are filled with pools of blood
 Where other youth have stained the mud,
And now, the monstrous tanks
 Creep closer to our ranks,
And I am young," he said.



THINK!!!

For forty-three years, the Seniors have published a yearbook. The Class of '44 will, too, but we need your help.



In

Memoriam

BENJAMIN GOLDPAIN, '43

From whence arise the scent of nectar
Sweet as from just-plucked flowers ;
When all the room is decked in black
With paper palms in hanging bowers ?
Is this a dream, that I imagine so ?
I see no life, no plants that grow.

I see few forms in the shadows deep
Thru tear-filmed eyes I peer ;
Few souls to morn, to lament, weep,
Few hearts that held him dear.

Like a flower in bloom, so suddenly plucked ;
The nectar gatherers ne'er will suck,
He shall the table of the Lord adorn
Now, with her whom he once mourned.
And together they'll dwell in paradise serene
So cease thy tears, and close the scene.

BOOK REVIEW

By STAN SCHWARTZ

DAYS OF OUR YEARS

By Pierre Van Passen

Days of Our Years, by Pierre Van Passen, is an illuminating commentary on the present social order, and yet it is certainly a book of more than temporary appeal. In showing the real basis of the events which have led us to the present complex European situation, rather than superficially recorded facts, Van Passen brings out fundamental truths which appeal as much to all the ages as to our own times. In his book the author reveals an infinite understanding of and love for humanity.

This book is not for the squeamish, nor for those unwilling to exert effort in reading it. It is a book that will tear out the heart, as well as turn the stomach upside-down, in certain passages. Most people will disagree with the author on many points, and yet one cannot help but respect his views for their sincerity.

Pierre Van Passen evidently believes that a suitable state of affairs can not be reached until we improve our social order, in which a privileged few live upon the labor of countless others, and in which imperialism and conquest, run rampant.

The World War, which he blames primarily on militarism, revealing

numerous affiliations and agreements between Allied and German armament interests, brought him to realize the need for reform. Concerning the war, he claims that the Allies, for reasons of war profits, deliberately prolonged the conflict twice as long as was necessary. To illustrate the needless waste of human lives, he gives several examples of men executed for no reason whatsoever, merely by a whim of their own superiors, or to set examples to others. In most of these cases, the men were cleared of all blame, and one group even had a monument erected to it.

A not very favorable reflection is cast on the British colonial policy in Palestine, as the author proves that the British, while talking of striking a balance between Jew and Arab—"civilization and barbarism"—are doing all they can to keep trouble brewing so that their imperialistic control of Palestine, which is strategically vital to them, may not be weakened by prosperous harmony.



He reveals the cruelty of the Arabs, who published a photograph of a Jewish theological seminary destroyed by the Arabs, with the bodies of the massacred students lying about, and a captain proclaiming that this was what the Jews are doing to an Arab home. He further shows that the Arab masses were bound to realize the benefit of cooperating with the Jew, if it were not for a certain band of Arab landholders. These individuals, while keeping the poorer Arab in the state of serfdom, were themselves secretly selling the land to the Jews. Showing a deep admiration and sympathy for the Zinist movement, Mr. Van Passen reflects that it is indeed strange that the English who kept millions under control in India, where their work was particularly complicated by the prevalence of innumerable races and rigid caste system, were unable to control the small revolting band in Palestine.

In discussing the conquest of Ethiopia, Pierre Van Passen again reveals a death of human feeling, when he describes the utter lawlessness, inhumanities and cruelties of the Italians. Although he points out the barbarous cruelty of the Ethiopians, who punished a minor theft by the cutting off of an arm or a leg, and of Haile Selassie in particular, who had an entire population of a village machine-gunned because that village was unable to pay all its taxes, he nevertheless sympathizes with Ethiopia as a victim of unwarranted aggression.

"Days of Our Years" concludes, in spite of all the horrible and inhuman facts it relates, on a note of optimism. We cannot fail but take hope for the author's ultimate conclusion that the success of inhumanity, injustice and lawlessness is not found, and that when the existing social order, built on greed, violence and disregard of human rights, has been removed, the basic law of unity and respect and brotherhood will survive.



A LITTLE

A little bit of lipstick,
 A little fetching hat,
 A little bait, a little date
 A little chummy chat.
 A little drop of perfume,
 A little siren look,
 A little glance, a little dance
 A little cozy nook.
 A little drooping eyelid,
 A little time to spoon,
 A little chance to sigh and cry,
 About a little moon.
 A little altercation,
 A little female tongue,
 A little bliss, a little kiss,
 A little man unstrung.
 A little happy ending
 For little plans well laid,
 And there you have the secret of
 How lots of boys are made.

—*Skirmisher, B. M. I.*

PULLORUM DISEASE

BY RALPH COHEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ralph was a member of the Class of 1945. Before going into the armed forces he left us this scientific article.*

Pullorum disease, also known as bacillary white diarrhea (B.W.D.) and fatal chick septicemia, is the most devastating disease that ever hit the poultry industry. The economic importance of pullorum, due to the losses incurred through its insidious attack, is inestimable.

The causative organism of pullorum is a toxin-forming bacterium, *Salmonella pullorum*. This organism is virulent and is known to remain alive in soil or manure for many days. The disease manifests itself in a vicious cycle, which if allowed to continue, can easily spell doom for the unsuspecting poultryman. The infection is harbored in the ovary of the chicken. This infection is then transmitted to the eggs, and consequently to the chicks which hatch from the eggs.

Chicks from infected eggs may die in the shell or 2 to 3 weeks after hatching. It is quite possible for some infected chicks to live to maturity. Infected chicks which live for a few weeks may infect healthy chicks in brooders. Those infected chicks which live to maturity, perpetuate the disease by carrying the germs in their ovaries, thus infesting their eggs and chicks.

To make matters worse, conclusive experiments have shown that in cases of concentrated infection, pullorum, may be transmitted from infected to normal hens. The resulting economic loss due to diminished egg production, reduced hatchability and death of baby chicks and hens is enormous.

The symptoms observed are usually diagnostic (characteristic of pullorum), but they must be confirmed by the final criterion, which is bacteriological proof. From hatching time to three weeks old, the chicks may die suddenly, after slight symptoms.

Usually the following symptoms may be observed: the chicks appear drowsy, with their eyes closed and their plumage ruffled. From time to time they pick at their feed but show hardly any appetite. The droppings are whitish, foamy and sticky, hence the name bacillary white diarrhea. However, this name is not too accurate, since the droppings are sometimes brown in color.

Occasionally the vent becomes blocked by excreta sticking to the down around the vent. This condition is known as "pasting up behind," and if not relieved may

attack the causitive organisms, *Salmonella pullorum* and precipitate or agglutinate them in tiny clumps.

In other words, the tiny clumps we see in the case of infected birds are actually *pullorum* germ agglutinated by the antibodies of the bird's blood. On the other hand, if the tested bird is free from *pullorum*, its blood does not contain antibodies to combat the *Salmonella pullorum* present in the antigen, and no clumping results.

The enormous losses from *pullorum* disease clearly showed the need for some type of organized effort to control it. By 1925 several of the States had organized programs with that end in mind. But it was not until July 1, 1935, that the National Poultry Improvement plan was inaugurated. This plan was administered by State agencies in cooperation with the Bureau of Animal Industry. Its aim was to establish a workable *pullorum* control program in each state.

State participation increased from thirty states in 1935-36 to forty-four states in 1940-41. Reports from the poultry industry indicate that hatchability of eggs is improving, and mortality among chicks is decreasing as a result of the National Poultry Improvement plan.

Thus, by a properly coordinated, nationally sponsored, *pullorum*-control program, *pullorum* disease, the erstwhile plague of the poultryman, is being efficiently checked.

There is no known treatment for preventing or curing *pullorum* disease. The one way to disrupt the vicious cycle is to detect carrier hens and to eliminate them from the breeding flock. This is accomplished through blood testing.

The operation of the blood test depends on the following analysis. If a bird is infected with *pullorum*, it has developed certain substances (antibodies) in its blood to combat the disease. Hence, when the blood of the infected fowl comes in contact with the *Salmonella pullorum* contained in the antigen, the antibodies in the infected fowl's blood cause death. The death rate in infected broods may range from fifty to eighty percent or higher.

Infected birds show certain pathological changes on post-mortem examination. The yolks of infected hens and pullets are usually angular in outline, shrunken, hard and brown or green in color. Chicks one to five days old, may show no visible evidence of the disease. Chicks dying after the sixth day may show small white spots of destroyed tissue in the lungs, heart muscles and occasionally on the outer surface of the intestines.

However, the absence of any of the above pathological changes does not exclude the possibility that infection is present. Bacteriological examination serves as the final test. Germs found in the heart, blood, liver, lungs and unabsorbed portions of yolk prove that infection is present.

PERSONALITIES

By NABUT AND DANENBERG

HARRY "WHAT'S-THE-USE" GRANSBACK

Pulling into Farm School with a custom tailored Sears and Roebuck nightgown and a forty quart can of Parfum de la Skonke, Harry pitched his tent on the back lawn and took off his shoes. All the grass promptly wilted.

Dubbed "Harry the Character," it soon became evident that this perfect specimen of broken down manhood strongly held an opinion quite different from that of the rest of Farm School. Wonder of all wonders, Harry was not a disciple of Venus. Women had no part in the life of Gransback the Gargantua. Or was it his feet? Fortified behind a wheelbarrow and a pitch fork, Harry would defend his freedom to the last ditch when it was threatened by some enterprising female. But in the midst of the School's atmosphere Harry soon cast aside his inhibitions and ran with the rest of the pack.

Harry's room has the most intimate atmosphere in Ulman Hall as he never opens the windows. Quote—"Why dilute the fresh air outside by letting the air escape?"—unquote.

A real worker, Harry gets up about an hour before detail time to disinfect his gotkes.

One of our foremost musicians, he can sometimes be seen playing the Bass Horn or Tuba in the band

and if one looks closely enough, one can see the Tuba. It is rumored that Harry keeps his Tuba on the other bed in his room while his roommate curls up in the horn.



An ardent Horticulturist and Greenhouse man, he will tell anyone who cares to listen how he worked for the largest greenhouse in Philly for five cents an hour with time and a half for every hour over seventy-five. It is natural that such an ardent peon would major in Hort. An excellent sprayer, Harry covers everything. Yes the tractor, driver, himself and manages to touch the tree too.

All kidding aside, Harry really has a big heart; in fact it is just about the size of his Tuba. He feels sure that he will someday find the girl of his dreams (with background) and settle down on his farm to raise his crops and kids.

ALUMNI COLUMN

By J. WEIS

It's been two months now since our friends of "43" left us. There haven't been too many changes since I wrote about them last, except that two or three of them forsook the plow for a gun. Nor were there any about the older "big brothers." At least no rumors reached my ever strained ears, neither were any letters to be salvaged from some forsaken drawer, except one. This left me in the sad predicament of being without even the slightest hints to nurture my column with. If it were not for my faithful old roommate's sake there'd be nothing between title and signature to bore my pretentious readers with.

Well, this ominous silence at least shows that they are all at their jobs, working real hard, true to their challenge as soldiers of the soil.

Here's what one of them does and feels and writes after a couple of months out in "life," Uri Schoenbach, class of '43, dairy "prize" senior and school-pianist, author and poet, etc.:

" . . . I could start with that well worn advice that every alumnus is always so ready to hand out: 'Work hard, study hard, play hard! Life is much tougher than 5.00 o'clock dairy details seem to you now. Wait till you get out of school

. . . etc.'" But you have heard that stuff so often and won't believe it till you see it yourselves anyhow.

'There is just one angle to this 'work hard' stuff that really caught me unaware the first couple of months: it's speed. Although not the fastest guy in school, I thought I was doing alright, but at that rate I would never be able to hold my job here.

"At present I am herdsman, manager, barnman, milker, carpenter, tractorman, creameryman and handyman of Walter Conklin's 600-acre farm in Mt. Morris, N. Y. In short I take care of the cows. I like the job, because it gives me a chance to see what I can do with a herd of grade Ayrshires (production has gone up 25%). The pay is not exceptional for nowa-



days, but the food . . . oh alright, I'll shut up.

"My routine is similar to a combination of first barn, calf barn and #3, except that I work twelve hours daily. The dairy routine takes about two-thirds of my time. The rest I spend cleaning up age-old messes. There are too many calves in the pens. So I have to get out a thirty-year-old accumulation of junk from the corner of the barn and start building boxstalls. . . . The litter-carrier breaks down. At NFS we'd call Mr. Antonioli (Mr. Groman now) ; here I have to fix it in an hour or else the manure doesn't get hauled. . . . The milk-house has no water supply. So I had to put in a pipeline myself (with all I know about waterlines). Right now I am at work building a bullpen, a project I started some weeks ago. Since I am the only one interested (the boss has different worries), it seems I'll have to do the whole darn thing myself. So if you tune in your television set you can see me digging my foundation and searching in my trunk for the notes on 1-2-3 and 1-2-4 concrete mixtures.

"So much for the work. Now



about the people: From the first they have shown me the greatest respect—much in contrast to the way they treat “just farmhands.” After they heard that I had spent three years in a school to study farming, they decided that I was their man. This unbelievable respect for someone with a little education is of course very flattering, but it places a heavy burden of responsibility on you. You are expected to be perfect in everything you do and everything you say, and, boy, do they ask a lot of questions!

“What kind of worms do these sheep have?”

“How long does it take a broody hen to start laying again?”

“Will raspberries from a stolon propagation bear as vigorous fruit as the old cane?”

“How do you treat scours?”

“If you look at these questions, you'll see that people want you to know more about veterinary science than about common farm practices, which they can understand themselves.

“In practical application, I think we all would get more out of our Farm School education, if we concentrated a little more on the study of plant and animal diseases—even at the expense of some of the technical training.

“Years ago Farm School students used to live on the various farms, such as #3, #4 and #1 and operated them as separate units. I wonder if it wouldn't be advisable to return to such a program.

It might not be possible to do so now, but as far as farm training is concerned that old way seems more thorough. You see the average farm that Farm School graduates work on does not have 100 milking cows, 6,000 laying hens, or twenty-six horses.

"There's a lack of individual initiative in the present system at Farm School, and out on the farms it's one of the most important vir-

tues besides alertness and thoroughness. . . ."

It's a fine letter, full of sound, practical advice. I hope it'll spur on others to "rebuttal." This is how you alumni can still contribute to your alma mater's destiny and help us improve and mature our minds and our work here. We'll sincerely appreciate more letters like this one.



JUSTIN P. (FLASH) SCHARF



A husky, a dynamo, this bundle of lightning, this speed demon, this half superman bubbling over with pep, vigor and ambition, is probably the slowest man alive. He is so slow that Christmas caught up with him three times. Next to Scharf a snail would look as if it were going at reckless speed.

Justin P. can spend more time getting to and from a job than he does in actual work. And when he does get to work, he really does a good job of it. One day Mr. Purmell sent him out to weed about 50 feet of carrots, and when Mr. Purmell came out to see how he was doing, J. P. proudly showed him his work: both carrots were entirely free

from weeds and even the tiniest particle of soil was pulverized and very loose.

"Flash" is noted for being the fastest milker in school. In fact he milked a cow so fast that she hardly had time to convert her blood into milk.

One of Justin's best habits is eating. He has the best manners and eats with a finesse and delicacy equal to that of any French food connoisseur, or rather, he would have if he would eat with a knife and a fork.

Students here lead a very happy life, but Scharf is now a sad man. No one writes letters to him. The fellows keep telling him to get acquainted with someone who knows how to read and to write, but it doesn't do any good.

But in spite of all these minor details, these quips and fun-pokings, in spite of all that anyone can say about him, Justin is O. K.

CAMPUS NEWS

SENIORS

The Seniors, after becoming accustomed to the responsibilities of their positions, have started work on The Senior Yearbook. The staff consists of Jack Gurewitz, Editor in Chief; Marty Nabut, Literary Editor; B. Kaslove and J. Weis, Art Editors; J. Lieber, Photography; D. Raben and D. Kustin, Business Editors. The rest of the class to be assistants.

We have finally received word from Al Goodman and Vic Rubin that they have received our farewell gifts.

With the expected departure of J. Cohen to the Armed Forces, the Seniors gave a farewell party on Sunday, May 23. This party was a real success and will no doubt leave an excellent souvenir not only to our departing classmate but to each member of '44.

JUNIORS

The Junior Class has just recovered from a minor internal revolution. Two of our high-ranking councilmen were impeached on charges that they failed and refused to vote in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the class. This action by the class brought forth speeches, poems, and opinions (pro and con) from the members of the junior and senior classes. This move showed that every Junior and Senior had some-

thing to say on the matter and were at liberty to do so.

On June 19, we will have our annual Junior Prom. We promise one gala affair to all those who will attend this dance. The theme has already been chosen, and all details of the plan have been laid out. Work has already started.

FRESHMEN

With Faden, President, Moskowitz, Vice-President, and Elgart, Secretary, holding the lines, the freshman class has the proper pilots to drive the class bandwagon to the top.

Committees are now diligently at work on the freshmen follies. The show will be put on in conjunction with the Junior Prom, which we all sincerely hope turns out to be a great success.

Goldberg, Smulin and Faden are representatives of the freshman class in the council. They are not only to further the good of the freshman class, but also that of the School.

Enthusiasm for athletics runs high in our class. Good teams will soon be formed to vie for honors in inter-class rivalry. The freshmen have the aggressiveness, determination and talent necessary to win over all the competitions.

Congratulations to Rosov, Goldberg and Schwartz who have joined the Varsity baseball team.

DAIRY

Spring brought new life to our dairy in form of a new Holstein Herd Sire, Greenwood Sonny Boy. He was recently purchased from Greenwood Farms, Hulmeville, Pa. He is sired by Dean of the Pearls, who sold at the May 10, 1943, Greenwood dispersal sale for a record price of \$7,700. His Dam is Greenwood Ormsby Josie, who sold at the same sale for \$1,000. She has a record of 24,976 lbs. of milk and 937.9 lbs. of fat. The Greenwood herd averaged \$903 for the entire forty-nine head.

Another important addition is the Junior Guernsey Herd Sire Antietam Valiant, who arrived at Farm School in April, 1942, from Antietam Farms, Waynesboro, Pa. He is sired by Foremost Gold Bond, the Senior Herd Sire at Antietam Farms. His Dam is Antietam Frances Rose (12,263 lbs. of milk and 619 lbs. of fat—class GG). Antietam Frances Rose is sired by Langwater Vagabond, who sold recently to Witchwood Farms, Montgomeryville, Pa. for \$16,500. His daughter, Antietam Garnet, a half sister to Antietam Frances Rose, sold in the Guernsey Sale at Trenton, N. J., for \$8,100. She was the highest priced cow of the sale. The average price for the forty-eight head consigned was \$2,418.

Also, this spring, the long delayed pasture-improvement program finally got underway with an application of ten tons of superphosphate on the main pastures behind the barns. A heavy applica-

tion of lime is to follow as soon as it is delivered. It is also planned to rotate the different pastures all over the school as far as practicable. All the heifers have been happily grazing and hunting around out in No. 3 and No. 7 since the beginning of May, and so are the sheep, after having undergone their annual shearing "operation." There was a nice yield of about ten pounds of wool per sheep. The lambs, a dozen of them, are doing fine, too. Two of them, the "Twins," are being raised under the special supervision of Mr. Cook down in the dairy in an effort to achieve outstanding results for our records. Compared with the other lambs, they already look like two giants.

The producing members of our herd seem to respond particularly well to the prevailing spirit of spring. This last month of May they made some outstanding records, proving once again the high standard of our herd.

The herd tests show Farm School Invader's Belle to be the highest producer of our Guernseys with 1085 lbs. milk and 59.7 lbs. fat. Her six daughters also averaged over 1000 lbs. milk and over fifty lbs. fat. The thirteen Guernseys milking averaged 889.7 lbs. milk and 43.3 lbs. fat.

The ten highest Holsteins averaged 1435.3 lbs. milk and fifty-three lbs. fat. All the twenty-eight milking Holsteins together averaged 1215.2 lbs. and 42.5 lbs. The highest Holstein cow is Farm School Della Bluebell Piebe with 1791.8 lbs. milk and 59.1 lbs. fat.

She is our oldest daughter of Boast Ormsby Mercedes.

The highest Ayrshire is Farm School Princess Redbird with sixty-seven lbs. fat. The ten high Ayrshires average 1207.7 lbs. milk and 53.5 lbs. fat. The twenty-one milking Ayrshires averaged 970.3 lbs. milk and 41.7 lbs. fat with 4.3% test.

Nine Jerseys averaged 592.1 lbs. milk and 33.9 lbs. fat.

Our seventy-one milking cows of all breeds together averaged 1004.1 lbs. milk and 41.3 lbs. butterfat with a 4.12% test. All of which means in practical language that every day 900 quarts of wholesome milk are shipped out of our creamery.

HORTICULTURE

The main job in Hort now is spraying. The following applications of spray are being completed or will be applied very shortly. For the apples: Petal-fall, seven days and fourteen days. The chemicals used are: six lbs. of Kolofog, three lbs. of lead arsenate, five lbs. of lime to 100 gallons of water. This spray controls scab, the curculio beetle, and the codling moth. As for the peaches: shuck-fall spray was applied and the two-week-later spray. Ingredients used: Kolofog, arsenate of lead, lime and zinc sulfate to control the brown rot and the plum curculio. The lime and zinc sulfate are mixed into the spray in order to counteract the burning action of the arsenic. The grapes were sprayed with a 4-4-50 Bordeaux mixture. The same spray was applied on the currants.

The only crops harvested now are the asparagus (until July) and the rhubarb. Both crops are producing well and the patches are in excellent shape.

The following crops were recently planted: Beans, corn, peppers, eggplants, lima-beans, cucumbers and pumpkins.

The hot beds now contain seedlings for late broccoli and cabbage, also celery and parsley. All our crops have received a dose of fertilizer and nitrate of soda. We have managed to fertilize the plants before the rains and the results have been almost immediate. The peas will come into production very shortly. All the plowing is finished and almost all the fields are bearing.

Along the Alumni Lane, the Hort department has planted and is taking care of five acres of vegetables raised for canning purposes. We have planted two acres of sweet corn, one and one-half acres of extra early peas and one and one-half acres of green and wax beans. Although Hort is taking care of these crops, the harvest will be accomplished by professional labor.

POULTRY

Because of the general meat shortage, the poultry department has found it necessary to raise more food and meat.

The Old Brooder's broiler capacity has been increased by making use of the old incubator room. Stoves have been placed in this structure.

The Big House has been increased by the addition of a fourth floor which will house 400 laying birds. A tremendous rat campaign has been launched and after weeks of relentless endeavor, we have rat-proofed the egg cellar, and by poisons, traps and bullets, the rats in the Big House have been noticeably decreased.

New additions to our flocks are the seventy-five turkeys, three ducks and the expected ducks and geese now being hatched. Speaking of hatching, the last chick hatch for the Spring season has been completed. Our hatches have been unusually successful this year.

There has been such a demand for baby chicks that we have plans to start another hatching period in September.

Our range horse, Private, was replaced by a more efficient one, Beauty.

The Poultry crew invites all the students to "watch their smoke," as they raise more and better food for Victory.

LANDSCAPE

Landscape has stepped aside in the department race for war production. Because there are no seniors in the department, Mr. Fiesser has limited his program to the maintenance of the School campus and nurseries.

The beds lining the walk connecting Lasker and Ulman Halls have been given to the landscape department for the planting of some 800 geraniums.

Approximately 10,000 spruce

and pine trees are in planting at No. 4. The trees were purchased at \$3.00 a thousand and are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Forestry at Harrisburg for sixteen years.

Here is a point of information: if one tree were planted for every cigarette smoked here in School, we would in one year cover an area of more than fifteen acres.

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

As usual the activities in the General Agriculture Department are difficult and varied. This is due to all the inexperienced, new students who take on important jobs and are not very familiar with the modern implements.

Under the guidance of our four capable instructors, our crops are being planted on schedule. Because of the war and in an effort to help produce more crops, the G. A. department has and will farm more acres of land.

Our crops for this season are the following:

| | | |
|-----------------|-------|-------|
| Corn | 139 | acres |
| Oats | 42.75 | acres |
| Wheat | 47.5 | acres |
| Barley | 43.25 | acres |
| Mixed Hay | 112 | acres |
| Timothy | 39.5 | acres |
| Alfalfa | 24.2 | acres |
| Potatoes | 22 | acres |
| Soybeans | 40 | acres |

If the weather is favorable and the labor situation doesn't become worse, we will have yields of which The National Farm School will be proud.

BAND

Under the capable leadership of Lou Goldenberg, the Farm School band is "blasting away to 'fame'." Many new marches have been added to its already fine repertoire.

On Sunday, May 16, on special request, our band played in Chalfont in celebration of "I Am An American" Day. The National Farm School band, which was marching for the first time in the past few years, received an enthusiastic ovation from the public.

The sweaters have been distributed to the band members and they may be seen proudly walking around and displaying them to everyone.

As the summer draws nearer, the band's intensified practice will be relaxed a bit. Goldenberg intends to practice only once a week until the fall term, when again we'll swing into full activity.

FACULTY

On May 15, our Farm Shop and Arithmetic instructor, Mr. Frank Antonioli, left us to go to Syria on a mission with the Near East Foundation. We are not permitted to tell the date of his departure. At the University of Beirut, he will be the Agriculture Director and will be in charge of the agricultural development of many sections of that country. He expects to be sent later to Palestine. His trip in that eastern part of Asia will last at least three years. He was a member of our Faculty for nine years.

Mr. Groman, a Farm School graduate, is now in charge of the shop and all the repair work. Mr. Groman held the position of shop instructor for eighteen years, then left Farm School to go and work with the Doylestown Agricultural Company. Good luck to you, Mr. Groman.



FACTS 'N FIGURES

By R. SOLOMON

Fence posts treated with zinc chloride outlast untreated posts up to ten times. This chemical prevents premature decay due to termites, woodpeckers, and weathering.

Of the 625,000 species of insects, only 20,000 or thirty-two in 1,000 spread disease or damage crops; of the 80,000 U. S. species, only 600 or eight in 1,000 are destructive pests.

Recent experiments have been carried out with regard to the fertilization of ponds, in order to increase plant growth. Ponds that were fed fertilizer yielded 500 pounds of fish, per acre, as compared to only 100 pounds in unfertilized ponds.

Tomatoes treated with Nophox-yacitic acid not only increases the yield, but results in a very high percentage of seedless tomatoes.

EXCHANGE

By B. KASLOVE

UNITED WE STAND

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."

These words were true when Lincoln spoke them, and they are doubly true today. Americans accept the fact that their country has never faced a situation more grim than the present conflict in which we are engaged. What many do not realize is the part they must play as individuals. Of course they have accepted, good-naturedly or otherwise, the draft legislation, the rationing, and the hundred and one other restrictions and sacrifices that have been enforced by law; but what they have not yet comprehended is the idea of a solidly united home front.

The statement has been made before and it cannot be repeated too often, that there is no room for internal friction. Petty squabbling and backbiting are peacetime diversions. The boys who are fighting for their lives and our liberty in some foxhole thousands of miles from home don't stop to ask those in the ranks beside them what their native country was, in what church they worshipped, or who their ancestors were—they are too busy with the immediate business of protecting themselves from sudden death. They know that anything but perfect teamwork would make them an easy prey for the stalking enemy. The fellow who feeds the machine gun, the one who directs the fire, and the one who pulls the trigger can't take time out for personal grudges—seconds are precious and they must work together every minute to come out on top. Any one of the three can destroy the efficiency of this unit by refusing to co-operate.

It is no different here at home. We have work to do, important work; we cannot take time out to indulge in expression of racial and religious hatred against those with whom we are working. Our enemies are pleased when this happens—they smile hopefully and make ready to move in for the kill, for they, too, know, as Lincoln knew:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."

—Sagamore

ABOUT FACES!

Little girls choose dolls for toys
While soldiers are the choice of boys.
But when they've grown up you'll find
That each has had a change of mind.
The girls prefer the soldiers then,
And baby dolls attract the men.

—Scrippage

TO THE UNITED NATIONS



Look beyond the white washed crosses
When the fallen staked their claims.
Look beyond the shattered columns
That defied the bombers' aim.

Look beyond the Yangtse river
Rolling over China's slain.
Look beyond the Lybian desert
Blotched with the invader's stain.

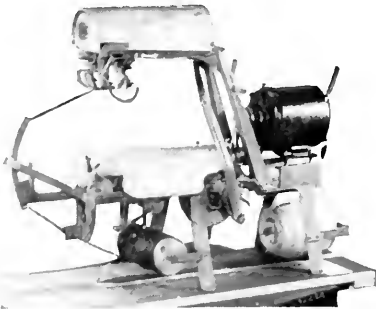
Let the Don's polluted waters
Hide the ghastly work of death;
Let the simmering island jungles
Muffle soldiers' gasping breath.

Look beyond the present's failures,
And forget you know defeat;
Soon, the day—that day—is dawning
When victorious hands will meet.

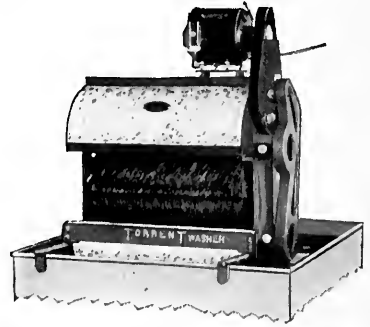
And that dawn is worth the bleeding;
And that day is worth the fight—
Look beyond the white washed crosses
There is peace, and there is light.

—*Columet*

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